GLOUCESTER HUNTING CLUB.

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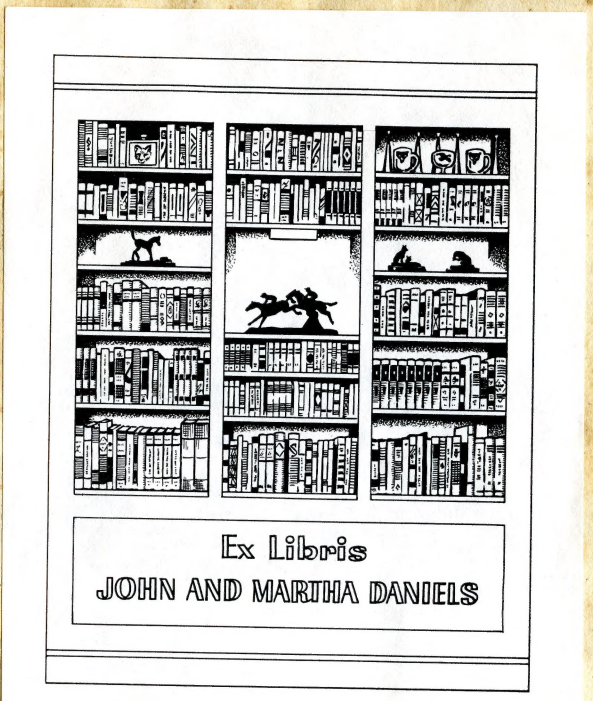
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GLOUCESTER YEARS AGO.

Once the Rendezvous of a Famous Fox Hunting Club.

Sports of Men of Fashion in the Days Before the Revolution—Samuel Morris' Accounts.

The effort to suppress gambling at Gloucester will bring to the mind of the student of the early history of Philadelphia the fact that, far back in its annals, Gloucester was the rendezvous of a famous fox hunting club composed of many of the prominent men of the day, leaders in politics and society.

On October 29, 1766, a meeting was held at the Philadelphia Coffee House, southwest corner of Front and Market, to organize a club to pursue the noble sport of chasing the fox. The following paper was drawn up and signed:—

"PHILADELPHIA, 29th October, 1766.

"We, the subscribers, being about to provide and keep a kennel of fox hounds, do mutually agree with each other in manner following viz: 1st. That each of us do agree to pay into the hands of such persons

THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

Samuel Morris, the first president of the club, who was also Governor of the Schuylkill Fishing Company and commander of the First City Troop, held the office until his death in 1812. For many years before this he was unable to ride, but frequently encouraged the younger members by his appearance on the field; on which occasions, so the record reads, every indulgence was accorded their honored chief and the hunting field was chosen so that he could easily follow in his carriage, and thus be afforded a view of the exciting sport in which he could no longer be an active participant.

Toward the year 1818 death and mercantile misfortune thinned the ranks of the sportsmen and the club soon after ceased to exist.

Many are the famous stories of runs made by the club, the chase usually lasting for four or five hours. In 1798 one of them extended as far as Salem, forty miles distant, and it is even recounted that more than once the pack in full cry were led into view of the ocean at Egg Harbor.

GLOUCESTER.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Gloucester Fox Hunting Club,

NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JUDAH DOBSON,

1828.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Gloucester Fox Hunting Club,

NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

——————————— Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.
Huntsman, lead on! ———————————

THE CHASE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JUDAH DOBSON.

::::::::::

1830.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that, on the nineteenth day of April, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1830, JUDAH DOBSON, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

"Memoirs of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, near Philadelphia.

'——— Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.
Huntsman, lead on!' ———

THE CHASE."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

TO

ROBERT WHARTON, ESQUIRE,

THE LAST PRESIDENT

OF THE LATE

GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB,

The present brief account of the origin, and some of the pleasant excursions of its patrons and associates, fondly remembered and participated in with you, in your more active and sprightly days, is with lively emotions of pleasure dedicated.

Your example of feats of intrepid horsemanship in the rugged course of the enlivening hunts in Jersey, excited the emulation and elicited the applause of your numerous younger friends and companions, by whom you were admired, and to whom you became endeared; thus exemplifying a happy union of amiable sociability of disposition in intercourse, and dignity of deportment in command, as their Chief in the chase, and President in the agreeable concluding exercises at the banquet.

So long as life endures, and memory maintains her empire, the recollection of those sportive days and scenes must impart inexpressible delight.

To you, Sir, therefore, these memoirs are gratefully and properly inscribed, by your young hunting companion, and

Sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB.

This pleasant association was composed of many highly respectable gentlemen, resident chiefly in the city of Philadelphia and partly in Gloucester County, New Jersey, opposite the metropolis.

It originated as most of these pleasurable Institutions do, from accidental causes. The reciprocities of social intercourse between the hospitable gentlemen of landed property in the blessed retirement of a country life, and the less secluded liberal minded friends, over the river, confined to their respective vocations in the rising city of Penn, laid the foundation of an association of the most delightful character, and of considerable permanency.

Visits and dinner parties were interchanged, and friendships of an enduring nature arose, promotive of mutual

felicity. Many of these our sportive ancestors, might truly say with Blair,

> "Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
> Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
> I owe thee much."

Elegant society was then comparatively limited, the occasional intercourse of congenial minds, gave a zest to the relaxing hours, devoted to active recreation and cheerful conviviality. If the country gentleman was unable to display the sumptuous variety of a city feast and its accompaniments in viands and wine, at his welcome bounteous board, he could do something more exquisite, furnish on his own domains or his accommodating neighbours, good hounds, horses and a Fox hunt, to beget lively *enjoyment before*, and a lively *appetite at* the approaching repast; to be succeeded by that sound and refreshing slumber, produced by wholesome exercise.

We have reference to a very early period in our history, and that of our sister colony of New Jersey, whose shores and ours, are divided and laved by the current of the majestic Delaware.

The occasional unregulated private hunts, obtained for many years, until from the scion thus early planted, was produced a tree of many branches, and high flavored fruit, under the delightful shade of which we have oft assembled at early dawn, with a merry train of well mounted sportive gentlemen; when as Gay beautifully expresses it,

"The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and and answer sounds for
sounds."

The War of the Revolution dispersed most of the members of the Club, and consequently suspended active operations on the theatre of sport. Its shrill trumpet summoned the chivalrous hunter from the pleasures of the chase, to the severer and all important duties of the field. The call was heard and promptly obeyed. The intrepid hunter's spirit became the soldier's, and with very few exceptions, the club entered with an ardor and alacrity worthy of patriot souls into the service of the noble cause of an oppressed country.

No less than *twenty-two* of the club associated and viz. formed the "First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry" its President SAML. MORRIS, *Captain.*—John Dunlap, *Cornet.*—Thomas Leiper, *First Serjeant.*—Samuel Howell, Jr. *First Corporal.*—Levi Hollingsworth, John Mease, Blair M'Clenachan, Thomas Peters, James Caldwell, Samuel Caldwell, John Lardner, Alexander Nesbit, Jonathan Penrose, George Graff, John Boyle, James Mease, Isaac Cox, Thomas Bond, William Turnbull, John Mitchell, Joseph Wilson and David Potts, nearly all of whom faithfully served in the troop, in the memorable campaigns of '76 and '77. So that it appears indisputably, on in-

spection of records, that the troop originated in, and was chiefly composed of, and officered by the Fox hunting gentlemen of the Gloucester Club, and members of the old Schuylkill Fishing and Fowling Company: and many of the sporting gentlemen on the muster roll, it seems belonged at that time, to both associations.

The history of a grateful country records of them generous devotion and eminent service in the field, their appropriate sphere of action. Almost every member of both companies, usefully served in various other military and some in distinguished civil departments. An old ante-revolution register of proceedings of the Hunting Club extant, exhibits its highly respectable origin and successful progress. We feel great pleasure in recurring to, and making from it some extracts.

Some of our worthy ancestors of the city of Penn, elated with the sport, and the ordinary success of the hunts, in a country stocked with game, and in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, convened a meeting at the Philadelphia Coffee House, S. W. corner of Front and Market Streets, in 1766, to organize a regular club. The following is a part of the fair records of proceedings made at that period, in good preservation.

Philada. 29th October, 1766.

We the subscribers, being about to provide and keep a kennel of Fox Hounds, do mutually agree with each other in manner following, viz.

1st.—That each of us do agree to pay into the hands of such persons of the company, as shall be hereafter appointed, the sum of five pounds current money, for the purposes aforesaid.

2d—That as soon as a sufficient number of gentlemen have subscribed, we will call a general meeting of the company and agree by a majority of voices, to such rules and regulations, as will be most likely to answer the intended purpose.

Benjamin Chew, pr. order.	Robert Morris,
John Dickinson,	John White,
Thomas Lawrence,	John Cadwallader,
Moor Furman,	Samuel Morris, Jr.
Enoch Story,	Anthony Morris, Jr.
Charles Willing,	Turbot Francis, pr. order.
Thomas Willing, pr. order.	Zebulon Rudulph,
Levi Hollingsworth,	Richard Bache,
James Wharton,	Isaac Wikoff,
Thomas Mifflin,	Joseph Wood,
William Parr,	David Potts,
Israel Morris, Jr.	Samuel Nicholas,
Tench Francis,	Andrew Hamilton.
David Rhea,	(27)

The contemplated first meeting of the Fox Hunting Club, was held on December 13th, 1766, at James Massey's; Present,

James Wharton,	Joseph Wood,
Charles Willing,	Richard Bache,
Samuel Morris,	Tench Francis, pr E. Story.
Anthony Morris,	D. Rhea, pr J. Cadwallader.
Samuel Nicholas,	David Beveridge, do.
Zeb. Rudulph,	Andrew Hamilton, do.
John Cadwallader,	Moor Furman, pr S. M.
Israel Morris,	Robert Morris, pr R. Bache.
Levi Hollingsworth,	Enoch Story,

"The above gentlemen met by appointment at the kennel in order to agree upon some regulations in the Hunting Club, for the present year, to commence 1st January 1767, and continue until 1st January 1768. And managers being necessary, the following gentlemen are appointed, viz:"

Tench Francis,	Samuel Morris,
Enoch Story,	Richard Bache.
James Wharton.	

"And it is agreed there shall be two hunting days in each week, which shall be on Tuesdays and Fridays. A majority of the managers shall appoint (if they think necessary) any intermediate days for hunting in the week, and give the Company notice.

"The managers now chosen, will attend as well to the good government of the house as a tavern, as the keeping the dogs proper for exercise.

"A majority of the Company on one hunting day, i. e. *present*, shall appoint the ground and place to hunt the succeeding day, and so in rotation.

"The managers shall be enabled to pay James Massey our present huntsman, any sum they may think necessary for keeping the dogs, and attending the Company as huntsman, and if there should not from the present sum raised, be sufficient to pay the demands on the Company, they do each agree to pay all just demands, by a proportionate subscription, part and share alike.

"It is agreed, that at the death of every Fox, one of the Company shall carry about a Cap, to collect what the company may please to give the huntsman.

"At any hunt, if the managers, or any of them are present, they shall prevent the Company from crossing the dogs, when they are dragging; if no manager is present, the Company shall choose one of themselves to direct.

"The Company agree to make good all damages that may be done from hunting, and it is recommended to the Company to meet at the kennell, the mornings intended to hunt, and at all other times, that may be suitable.

By Order of the Managers,

J. MORRIS, Sec'ry."

The eagerness of our active enterprising and hardy an-

cestors, so frequently to partake of the pleasures of the chase, disrelished and scarcely even thought of, by the fashionable inactive gallants of the present day, abated in the revolution of a year, to *one* hunting day, in *each week*, instead of *two*, and *other* occasional *intervening hunts*.

It was worthy of their prudential wisdom.

"Voluptates commendat rarier usus," said the sage,

JUVENAL.

A governing principle in their future proceedings.—

In 1769, the Club prevailed on Mr. Morris to permit his negro man *Natt* (or as was well known in after times, by the name of *old Natty*, by every urchin in town and country,) to be enlisted in their service, and to use a favorite managerical epithet of stars engaged, *his powerful aid*, was obtained, for the interest of the purchase money of his time and for his apparel, and in case of accident, the Company stipulated to indemnify for damages.

Faithful bandy legged Natt, was re-engaged year after year on like terms, until he became a free agent and was then regularly installed as knight of the whip, and became master and commander of a noble family of cannines. This venerable grey pated African sportsman, was allowed fifty pounds per annum, a house, and a horse, with Jack Still, as assistant on liberal wages at the cost of the Club.

The established hunting uniform in 1774, was a dark brown cloth coatee, with lappelled dragoon pockets,

white buttons and frock sleeves, buff waistcoat and breeches, and a black velvet cap.

Thus equipped the provincial hunters took the field, and rarely sat down to the hunting dinner, without the display of a *Brush*, frequently *two or three* were the trophies of the morning's chase.

In 1775, the hey-days of the Club prosperity, the pack consisted of about *sixteen couple* of choice fleet hounds, the prized property of a full company of gallant huntsmen.

A period of war intervenes and supercedes all affairs of the chace until October 1780, when a slender meeting was obtained at the City Coffee House, and the President Mr. Morris, produced his accounts for the two last years, which were examined by Messrs. Donaldson and Lardner and a balance found due him of £ 3553 15 9 1-2 which was ordered to be paid by collecting £ 187 10 a piece from nineteen reckoned purse contributing members, amongst whom are rated Sharp Delaney, Thomas Leiper, William Turnbull and Blair M'Clenachan: the country gentlemen, viz. John Boyle, Colonel Thomas Robinson, Joseph Ellis of Burlington, George Noarth, Jonathan Potts, Mark Bird and Colonel Benjamin Flower, being only registered as privileged hunters, were not regularly assessed. In this emergency however a contribution was assessed of a voluntary nature of five hundred dollars on each of these gentlemen, to pay off all the existing old debts.

It must be remembered, continental money was the currency. Six pound specie was then equivalent to £187 10.

A levy of *five pound specie* was made for the service of the next year.

The Company continued to increase and flourish under the original brief adopted code of salutary rules. The meetings of business were annual or oftener, as occasion demanded and full and succinct minutes of proceedings and records of accounts were regularly kept by Mr. T. Morris, the Treasurer and Secretary.

No person was admitted to membership, "but by consent of a majority of the managers for the time being," until 1769, when the Club ballotted for all the proposed candidates. An annual tax was laid, called subscription money, for the service of the year, generally amounting to *four pounds each*, and the Treasurer regularly reported his account, which was examined and confirmed.

The following respectable gentlemen were admitted members, after the organization, and before the Club's meetings were suspended by the events of the War of Independence.

Jeremiah Warder, Joseph Penrose, Joseph Budden, Edward Cottrell, Thomas Foxcroft, John Mitchell, and Joseph Jones, in 1768.

William Parr, Esq. James White, George Morris, William Hiorn, Nathaniel Lewis, Joseph Bullock, Sam-

uel Wallace, Joseph Pemberton, William Jones and Austin Tallman, and in 1769.

G. Bonnin, Alvaro D'Ornellas, Turbot Francis, Jas. Bochannan, Thomas Murgatroyd, Stephen Moylan, Tench Tilghman, and Samuel Caldwell, in 1770.

John Boyle, Mark Freeman, Matthew Mease, and Stacy Hepburn, in 1771.

George Graff, Thomas Williams and John White, in 1772.

James Mease, James Moylan, Robert Glen, Richard Smith, Joseph Willson, Samuel Howell, Jr. and John Mease, in 1773.

Bertles Shée, William Straker, and William Price, in 1774.

William Druit Smith, Lieutenant Colonel John Patton, Alexander Nesbitt, Thomas Rowan, Jonathan Pensose, John Lardner, and Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Robinson, in 1775.

In the memorable year 1776 and in 1777, the regular meetings appear to have been wholly suspended, and a large portion of its patriotic members having other, and more momentous business to occupy their undivided attention.

On September 18th 1778, Samuel Caldwell, Samuel Howell, Jr. Samuel Morris, Jr. John Boyle, John Lardner, and Alexander Nesbitt, all from campaign duty, convened and honorably resolved to pay off all the debts incurred in the maintainance of the establishment since

they had the pleasure of hunting together, and on the 21st the same gentlemen met, and elected Isaac Cox, John Dunlap, Thomas Leiper, James Caldwell, Thomas Peters, Joseph Ellis, General Wilkinson, Isaac Melchior and Thomas Bond, Jr. members of the Club.

Owing to the high price of every necessary for the support of huntsmen and dogs, thirty pounds (continental) was assessed on each member, and the good old rules of the Company were confirmed.

The meetings of business were usually called in the city, but the rendezvous for hunting, was established at William Hugg's Inn, Gloucester Point Ferry, New Jersey, or at the Company's kennell, erected on the Banks of Delaware, near the Point, which in 1778 contained a select pack of twenty-two excellent dogs, in good order for hunting, viz.

Mingo, Piper, Drummer, Rover, Countess, Dido, Slouch, Ringwood, Tippler, Driver, Tuneall, Bumper, Sweetlips, Juno, Dutchess, Venus, Singwell, Doxy, Droner, Toper, Bowler and Bellman.

Besides ten fine six month old pups, put out to be raised at various places.

The war now completely ended, independence atchieved, and peace firmly established, the old club was revived with spirit and a renowned zest imparted to this warrior sport, by the re-assemblage of old friends, after years of unavoidable separation, again to partake of the extatic pleasures of the chase. The old rules and regulations

were revised and improved, and those herinafter subjoined adopted. Samuel Morris, Jr. Governor of the old Schuylkill Fishing Company, and commander of the distinguished "First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry," throughout the memorable conflict of arms, had the honor to be chosen first President of the Club, and continued to be annually re-chosen until he died, at an honored old age, in the year 1812.

Years previous to this lamented event, when infirmity no longer permitted him to enjoy the manly exercise of horsemanship, he frequently made his welcome appearance on the field in the midst of his old quandum companions of the Hunting Club, and many of them his endeared companions in arms. He usually rode in a chaise, and sometimes in a light carriage, attended by his old faithful servant Thompson, as driver. On these joyous occasions, every kind indulgence was extended, every means used to gratify the venerable and much loved chief of the association. The hunting ground was selected where good roads intersected each other, and where the exciting music of the pack, almost constantly saluted the delighted ears of their followers, and where the clearings occasionally afforded the chance of a view. Oh! these were reviving spirit stirring moments to the genuine old sportsman, and are to all gentlemen fond of the exhilerating chase, to which the nerveless indolent cits of the fire side, are and ought to be forever total strangers.

To the real Sportsman,

"The forest music is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
Their perfect language, in a mingled sound."

DAY.

For the records of by-gone days of joy, we feel happy that our researches have been successful as related. They embrace it will be perceived an interesting epoch, when the Club was in the meredian glory of its efficiency and proud success.

A great example for imitation in more modern times. It is to be lamented that the hunters chivalric spirit and his generous mantle, has not descended to some enterprising spirited sons of fortune, in these our days to residents near the regions of abundant game. Fox hunting would be at all events, a noble and harmless substitute, for many prevailing idle and enervating recreations.

In the year 1800, the Club reckoned about forty members not more than one half of whom, were habitual or efficient hunters. Too many chose to relinquish early rising, and exposure to invigorating frost, surmised danger, and the apprehension of fatigue, for the cheerful and exhilerating festive occasion, which always rounded off the duties of the day, a good hunting dinner, flowing bowls of governor, and sparkling goblets of madeira. All these welcome refreshments, to these book recorded sportsmen, must have been comparatively joyless; We cannot forbear exclaiming with the Prince of Denmark,

"What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed?"

It was no difficult matter, to discern who had chased the Fox. There could be no mistake, the keen appetite, the roseate bloom of health, and the cheerful countenance, sufficed to mark well the hunter.

As the Poet expresses it,

"I love to see a nimble activeness
In noble youth; it argues active minds
In well shap'd bodies, and begets a joy
Dancing within me."

Of the respectable and flourishing club at this epoch, or at a still later period we hope to be pardoned for introducing in this place a few of its most enterprising and leading members or hunting associates, viz.

Mr. Morris, President, and Messrs. Wharton, C. Ross, J. S. Lewis, Morrell, Clay, Davies, Price, Denman, R. M. Lewis, W. W. Fisher, Humphrey's, Harrison, S. Meeker, R. Irwin, S. Allen, J. and A. Hamilton, R. Davis, B. Tilghman, A. Stocker, J. Caldwell, W. Milnor, Jr. T. F. Gamble, J. R. Tunis, J. C. Smith, Wm. Smith, J. Cuthbert, J. Wheeler, W. R. Stockton, J. Jackson, J. Wistar and Solomon Park a veteran of seventy an intrepid horseman, all residents of the city; of New

Jerseymen, we learn the names of General F. Davenport, John Lawrence, Capt. James B. Cooper, Capt. Samuel Whitall, Col. Heston, and Col. Joshua Howell, of Fancy Hill, New Jersey, Samuel Harrison, Esq. and Jesse Smith, Esq. the present High Sheriff of Gloucester County.

The writer had the pleasure of frequently coursing the pines and the plains of Gloucester County, between the years 1810 and 1818, the period of the decease of an estimable friend and able tutor in the art of hunting and horsemanship, Captain Charles Ross.

Deaths, resignations, and mercantile misfortunes consequent in the restrictions and general embarrassments of trade and business, which had continued to exist for many a previous year, and was onward pressing with destructive force, paralizing the energies, and wasting the substance, of the once wealthy merchant, called his attention fixedly, to his altered fortunes, and ruinous prospects. The ranks of the Club became thinned, its few adherents were disheartened at the gloomy change, and perceived dismal forebodings of the dissolution of their long-lived and once delightful association. When Captain Ross died, the death blow of the declining club was received; it at once ceased to exist, because the soul of its the frail existence, the last master spirit, had departed. His funeral knell sounded that of his favourite's,

"THE GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB,"

at which he was wont to be one of the most ardent in the chase and liveliest at the banquet. He pos-

sessed a manly athletic form, rough features, and a robust constitution. He fell a victim however at the premature age of about forty-four years, to an obstinate dysentery, contracted in China, whither for many years, he voyaged as part ship owner and supercargo of the Caledonia, to repair by adventure, the once opulent but reversed fortunes of an endeared widowed mother and sisters.

Blessed with amiability of manners, and endowed with a disinterested generosity of principle, which governed his every action in life, his agreeable society was earnestly sought and fondly cherished by all. To know him was to love him as a brother, one became insensibly affianced, and the attachment was often mutual and always permanent.

Humble indeed is this brief tribute to the many virtues of this Sportsman's heart.

"He was a man,
Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Who of his gallant and honorable corps on duty under his command at Mount Bull, in the campaign of 1814, did not soon feel the sentiments of profound admiration, respect and friendship?

They unanimously voted and erected to his memory a superb marble monument, surmounted with emblematic military devises, and bearing suitable inscriptions, illus-

trative of the fame worth and virtues of their noble minded, chivalric commander, as a valued friend, citizen, and soldier.

In him, his late predecessor General Robert Wharton, was deprived of an esteemed friend, under whose banner he patriotically enrolled as a private, and served during the campaign in the late war.

He was his noble competitor in the chase, and boon companion in the rational enjoyments of life. Dispirited at this unexpected event, and in advanced years inviting to repose. President Wharton, the once efficient, active and enterprising Mayor of Philadelphia, and his few remaining associates, at once resolved, on the dissolution of the Club. Much as this circumstance may be deplored by many, it was then deemed expedient, and was perhaps eventualy inevitable.

A fine pack, bred from the best imported English Fox hounds, some of which were imported by Mr. Davies and Mr. Ross, about ten years previous, were unkennelled and dispersed, and the further useful services of old Jonas Cattell, the guide and whipper-in, and of Cupid the faithful jet complexioned huntsman, were dispensed with.

The distribution of the hounds of the Club was judiciously made, chiefly amongst the sporting farmers of West New Jersey, and those belonging to individuals were duly returned to their masters.

Their valuable progeny, may be seen roaming at this time, in every part of New Jersey.

The hunts took place principally at Cooper's Creek, about four miles from the city, at the horseheads seven miles, at Chew's landing, nine miles, at Blackwood-town, twelve miles, at Heston's Glass-works, twenty miles distant, and sometimes at Thompson's Point, on Delaware, many miles to the South.

The chase usually lasted from one to five or six hours, and sometimes hot pursuit has been made for eight or ten hours after an old straight forward fleet running Red Jacket, consequently coursing over a vast extent of country. It is needless to note how many in such emergencies would give up the chase, or be lost sight of, a d completely thrown out. In 1798, one of them carried the pack in full cry to Salem, forty miles distant. In olden times, good hunts were made to view, on the Sea Beach at Egg Harbour.

This change of position, had the advantage of novelty, and afforded fine shooting in variety and abundance. The increase of the mischievous crew of the Reynard family in Gloucester, afforded plenty of sport. The stock suffering farmer hailed the hounds and the huntsman as friends, free to enter his enclosures and traverse his fields, and his woods, unmolested and unrestrained from the tenth of October, until the tenth of April, at which period the fences were repaired and the ground tilled. Often have we seen him on hearing the music of the dogs, hastily bridle his horse and mount him, frequently without a saddle, and gallop after and joyfully augment the merry hunting train. It

sometimes occurred, that they were eminently useful aids; serving as guides through the intricate labyrinths of the woods aud swamps, to ferret out Reynard's usual haunts and retreats, and when *earthed*, to procure of some obliging neighbour the necessary implements, of an *axe*, *pick*, and *spade*, accustomed to the use of which, they actively and efficiently assisted, to dig for and capture the enemy in his den, generally excavated on the declivity of a hill with a southern exposure, for secure and comfortable winter quarters.

Sometimes this intense fatigue duty, continued by spells for hours, and labour occasionally found ample reward; not in the game she captured, but in peals of loud laughter and mirth, especially at the last industrious diggers, on the taking of a *Skunk*, or a *ground hog;* when this happened, there was no generous contention or rivalship for the brush: the first named personage, we are told on a memorable occasion in 1805, freely offered the compliment of his tail to all within shooting range, hunters and dogs, until he liberally and fairly exhausted the contents of his *odiferous sack* or *magazine*. Here was more kindness, with all the acuteness of the Fox. He perished afterwards, by Jonas's unerring staff, in consequence of his temerity, and served him as an exquisite meal the following day; the liver he dispatched whilst warm, entertaining a high opinion of its efficacy in assisting his wind in the chase, during which he would frequently knock over a rabbit for the delicate raw morceau.

On another, after a hard chase with a divided pack, a a part on the right track, and the major on the wrong, we at length halted with a number of the best dogs, at the humble door of a lowly Fox habitation. The scent seemed fresh as the dogs were keen. All thought the prisoner safe and a sure prize, to compensate us for a long and weary hunt. We dismounted to rest ourselves and horses. After cheerily passing about the huntsman's indispensable refreshing Pocket Pistol, tools were procured and all hands in rotation applied them diligently to the work of excavation. We soon made a *forcible entry* into the Fox premises, there was *no detainer;* sly Reynard and probably the Club family had themselves wisely *gone out hunting*, or had some howling intimation of an intended visit.

The house was not empty however, a grisly intruder in alarm had precipitately entered, on the good old plea of "any port in a storm." They named him appropriately, when they dubbed him *Ground Hog*. Some of the disappointed curs soon dispossessed the grovelling intruder, and disposed of him.

He too was a valued prize for old Jonas, whom we will now take the liberty of introducing particularly to the reader, as an important personage who figured more than twenty years as guide and master whipper-in, to the Gloucester Club, of which he was made an honorary and proved a highly useful member, always at his post, whether at setting out with the Company, leading off, at fault or at the death. Jonas was enlisted in the service of the Club

in the aforesaid useful capacity, sometime in the Winter of 1796. No matter however circuitous or distant the chase, *always a foot*, he was at hand on every emergency, before one half of the riders in general made their appearance.

So confident were the members of the Club, in his ability to execute whatever he undertook in the pedestrian way, that they were at all times willing to hazard a wager on his performance. When about forty-five or fifty years of age, he was backed in a trial of speed and bottom against an Indian runner, to go from Mount Holly to Woodbury, New Jersey, a distance of twenty-two miles, he was the victor, and entered the town about two hundred yards only ahead of his competitor. Shortly afterwards a small purse an few hundred dollars was subscribed, and staked in a wager, that Jonas would go on foot from Woodbury to Cape Island a distance of about eighty miles in one day, deliver a letter and return the next with an answer, he performed the feat without the least distress, notwithstanding heavy sandy roads, and was ready to repeat it the same week if requested, on a wager. This extraordinary man, is tall, rising six feet one inch high, and athletic in form; bony and muscular, and endowed with uncommon strength and activity. He seemed in younger days, altogether tireless, or at least apparently never fatigued, when the riders, horses and hounds were jaded. It is true he did not go over the same quantum of ground, because his accurate knowledge of the

course of the fox and the country, enabled him to shorten distances, and avoid the circuitous rout of the horsemen. In the chase, if the hounds were at fault, and ceased their music, the horn sounded as a directing guide to him, and in a few moments he was sure to make his appearance, and assist them to recover. He seldom failed after a short survey of the ground, and some of the hounds would instinctively follow at his heels. He possessed an eagle eye to discover the track, and we have often seen him seek it, and make it good, on the leaf covered soil of the forest. If any of the dogs on these occasions would run a scent, and open a cry, he instantly sought for evidence of a track, to be self convinced of its correctness. It frequently happens, as all fox hunters know, (and many they are among the generous and hospitable fox hunting sons of the south, who may perhaps peruse these desultory sportive memoirs of the happy careless days of auld lang syne) that young inexperienced hounds will readily take up and run the scent of a rabbit, and frequently unwarily dash off on a back track. It was here old Jonas's discriminating powers were called into prompt request. If erring, he would undeceive the noviates in a twinkling. The horn rallied them, and conspicuous wrong doers soon yelped to less harmonious tunes, assisted by an instrument of music, called a whip. This was impressive, wholesome and reforming—justice however was seasoned with mercy. The sagacious active and industrious hound always received the encouragement of abundant kindness

and caresses in well doing. Both descriptions are discovered in every pack, and have instinct enough early to know the cause of reward or punishment for good or ill service. Jonas was very partial to hounds, true and staunch, and like them would, "*never give up the ship.*" A good specimen of this patient and persevering disposition was manifested in 1815 or 1816, a few years before the unfortunate dissolution of the Club. An old red rover was started from cover, and ran with such velocity on the right onward course, and for so many hours, that that every gentleman of the hunt, Cupid the huntsman, and almost every member of his canine family were distanced and thrown out in the very toilsome protracted chase. Evening approached, and with it thoughts of distant home. After short debate, the resolution to give up was adopted, and the well known signal of the huntsman's horn, sounded to call in all straglers. Disappointed and low spirited, by hunger, fatigue and failure, they took up the line of march and returned to Gloucester Inn, with a broken pack. At early dawn, two of the missing arrived at the kennel; their necks entwined with the severed brush of an old red dog Reynard.

Jonas and the trusty pair had continued the chase, until eleven o'clock by moonlight, through swamp and thicket, field and wood, all lovingly together in pursuit of a common undivided object, and at once overtook Mr. Fox hieing into cover for safety and rest. He was jaded and easily taken. His fine fur coat, Jonas appropriated to

himself as his moderate share of recompense for arduous service, and after decorating the necks of the companions of his toilsome victory, with the divided brush, trophies of the honors lost by their absent masters, ordered them home with their prizes.

They readily obeyed stimulated by empty stomachs, and safely bore to the cottage of good Cupid, the kind keeper of the kennel, the self interpreting signals of honor and success.

Jonas had substantial reasons for remembering the remarkable incident, the skin produced him no less than *three dollars*, about three times the present price of the article in the market.

On one occasion after a good long chase, the Fox as a last resort took to the icy surface of the frozen Delaware, when a beautiful spectacle was presented to view. A pack of about *thirty* hounds on the trail, running compactly, the game only one hundred yards in advance, and overtaken before he reached the Pennsylvania shore.

Jonas alone accompanied the pack, and came in at the death, soon after which President Wharton joined him, and received the brush at his hands.

His singular repast on the morning of the chase, consisted usually of eggs, raw meat or rare and his drink, simply a cup of coffee, tea, milk, or pure water, beer, or cider.

His equipment was no less extraordinary. A red flannel shirt, a coarse suit of home spun domestic, over which were thrown a dowlass hunting shirt; on his bushy head

a woolen cap, or a small round felt hat, a pair of water proof coarse shoes or fisherman's boots, and can vass leggings or overalls, secured above the hips as a protection against bushes and briars. He was frequently accoutred as a complete hunter, with his favorite gun in hand, and a tomahawk in his belt, a valued present from Captain Ross. In this attire, he is represented in the accompanying excellent drawing taken at Gloucester, by E. W. Clay, Esq. in April 1830, in the old hunters banquet ing hall.

At the writers request he left the shad fishery at Mr. Clark's point, near the cove, to stand for the likeness, to his friend the talented artist, who has also executed an admirable view of Gloucester, and the hunting establishment, as it formerly was exhibited from Marshall's ferry, the opposite shore.

He was prejudiced against horsemanship. A horse was once provided for him, but he had not jolted many miles before Jonas was disgusted with this novel mode, to him, of following the chase. As usual, he sought a short cut, through a swamp after the dogs, the poor horse was soon in a stationary position, when Jonas dismounted (as he alledged) and left him to extricate himself as well as he could, and a foot took after the hounds. In about an hour or two the fox was taken, and Jonas in at the death. The horse, had been met with in the road, and was brought in by one of the sportsman, who supposed Jonas had been thrown and perhaps injured. He was rallied on

JONAS CATTELL.

his dexterous riding. Whether the unhorsing was voluntary or otherwise we never could ascertain. Be that as it may, he never afterwards could be prevailed on to relinquish his much loved pedestrianism with his gun or his staff, for a second trial of feats in horsemanship.

A hunting party, on one occasion, in the severe winter of 1810, were completely entrapped by frost. During the previous night and morning, much ice was made in the Delaware, and the drift from above made a lodgment at the point, entirely obstructing the navigation. Some of the gentlemen were ferried over with difficulty, the horses were left, and eventually were obliged to be crossed at Trenton bridge the nearest passage, about thirty-three miles above Gloucester.

Reynard one day hied into cover, in Colonel Howell's woods near Woodbury, when nearly run down, Ross and Davies competed strongly for the brush, head and head in the chase, until a tangled impenetrable copse obliged a halt. They impetuously took different courses to the right and left, and came in contact soon after at the moment of the death, as Davies was in the act of dismouuting to secure the prize before him, Ross at the critical moment seized him by the right leg, replacing him by a jerk in the saddle, and after dexterously turning his horse, threw himself amongst the dogs, before Davies and claimed the victory.

On the return, the mooted point was soon settled by appeal to the sportsmen's arbitrament, and the brush awarded to Davies, to the satisfaction of his generous rival

who acquiesced in the establishment of the good old proverb.—"Fair play is a jewel."

The intrepid Davies is yet in the land of the living, but in a very precarious state of health, possessing however a lively recollection of events and occurrences of other and more prosperous days, when he was noted as one of the keenest and most successful sportsman in the field. His ardor in riding produced many mischances, but no serious accident ever befel him. Once his horse and him self were nearly engulphed in a quick sand swamp, and escaped miraculously with prompt assistance at hand. At another time, he and a friend turned sommersetts with their horses over a bank, into a deep hollow covered with brush wood and leaves of the forest, which broke the fall and probably saved their necks, at the less expense of rent garments and some rent skin.

One day in an unguarded moment of desperate riding, through a thicket, a hanging branch of the wild grape vine, crossing his neck unhorsed him backwards, and for a moment suspended him per collum nearly after the manner of Absalom. Although *he escaped death*, he thereby was absent at the fox's. The fox vine lucklessly caught him, instead of his taking the fox, which he thought secured. So much for overweening confidence. The moral strongly applies, to the prospective calculations of many fortune securing speculators in these adventurous days.

A large party of about thirty gentlemen, chiefly strangers, many years ago rendevouz'd at Mrs. Marshall's

the Point House Tavern, by appointment, and at sunrise, crossed the Delaware in high glee to the kennel for the certain sport after a bag fox, taken only two days before.

He was let out near Gloucester, and led off nimbly to the shouts of the huntsmen. In about fifteen minutes, the hounds were uncoupled, and gave fine music in full chorus. Puss had made excellent use of her time, and was continuing to use it too good purpose. She ran a course nearly south, crossing Timber Creek, thence a south westerly course towards Howell's woods, thence back of Woodbury, and opened to view not far from the Delaware.

The cold set in intensely, and sheet ice had made in a cove, on which hard pressed and hemmed in she ventured, and not far from the shore broke in. The eager gazing hounds kept the terrè fermé. Whilst a consultation was held how to obtain the prize, Mr. Caldwell, farmer of New Jersey, one of the Club, stripped and boldly plunged in and captured her. He was almost converted into frost by the venture, but received no consequential injury after being rubbed with ardor and ardent.

The strangers was amazed at the voluntary immersion on such a frosty occasion, and all highly applauded his intrepidity and merited success.

In the winter of 1811, after a severe chase, in the vicinity of Blackwood town a friend of ours, W. M. whilst yet a green huntsman, had the felicity and distinguished

honor (thanks to an ungovernable Kentucky hunter rode on the occasion) of taking the brush of a large grey dog fox, in a quick sand swamp, into which we had plunged and some of us obliged to dismount to reach the pack who had just overtaken the game. Good fortune attended his active efforts, and whilst he was engaged in rescuing the fox from the jaws of the voracious hounds, the Kentuckian alarmed at the hue and cry wandered into a dangerous part of the swamp, where he sunk until his head and neck were at one time only visible, and miraculously saved himself, by obtaining a foot hold as he was on the point of being wholly immersed and suffocated. Jonas discovered him in the dangerous predicament, and the struggling animal on seeing him redoubled his efforts, and made towards him, when he was brought safely out.

The grey's brush was long preserved as a memento of success, and was incentive to future exertion, but the avocations of life, too seldom permitted it to be enjoyed. Some of the experienced old hunters, were illy repaid for this days toil, which involved many a leap over fences, ditches and fallen timber in the woods, for the noble prize of honor, a fine bushy plume of nature's manufacture.

But to this, as customary was to be superadded the honor of a seat at the banquet, on the right hand of the presiding officer of the day. The unexpected, nay unmerited result of this days sport, caused much disappointment

and mortification to several determined brush-coveting members.

But "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Various mishaps were incident to this day's hunt, so strongly contested. Mr. Edward Davies unluckily lost his hat in the tangled woods, and Messrs. Lewis and Ross, were immoveably swamped at the moment of the death, within hearing of poor puss's lamentations, and the quick ear-piercing howl of the successful hounds. Cupid appeared as usual, for the huntsman's reward, after the removal of the dinner course, with *cap in hand* and *sounding horn*, to the chorus of *tally ho! ho! ho! hark, hark to music! hark to him! O hark away.*

A son of Jonas', and a real chip of the old block, brought in *his prize*, and received his well earned reward for a voluntary hunt of six or eight miles after, and recovery of the missing chapeau.

When the last mentioned fox was unkennelled, a part of the Company led by Mr. Ross, mounted on his spirited sorrel, left the main road for the wood, immediately after the pack. The President and we, kept the road at good speed until the wood was turned, when we entered a field to the right. A wide and deep ditch was before us, which it was necessary to pass. A flat planked bridge, known in the vicinity, by the name of the "*Irish Bridge*," crossed it. On approaching it, it was perceived, a number of the planks had been removed,

and heaped on the sides to prevent the straying of cattle, leaving an aperture of some eight or ten feet. The dogs were evidently nearing us by the distinctness of their deep toned music, harmonious to the huntsman's listening ear.

The horses were eager and mettlesome from competition, and their riders elate and reckless of consequences. They were instantly reined in, the obstacle momentarily reconnoitered, when they were wheeled, whipped and sprang handsomely over, not without some hazard to both horse and rider, as will appear in the sequel.

It was a moment of high expectation and intense ambition, when,

> "In vain the stream in foaming eddies whirls;
> In vain the ditch, wide-gaping, threatens death."

In the sober period of passed excitement, the mind realized the temerity of the adventurous leap, especially in observing that the hind shoes of our friend's Kentuckian, second in the feat, had obtained a very precarious footing on the edge of the opposite plank. A five or six barred worm fence to the left of the wood, was afterwards cleared, when the panting fox issued full in view, coursing the fields hard pressed by the clamorous pack, and the mounted pursuers to the halloo of *Tally ho!* It was a fine prospect for a painter's pencil, and a most enlivening one to a sportsman. He sought refuge in the swamp,

where he was soon overtaken as related, and proved to be an old one of the native family of the Greys.

The more mischievious red-skin stock, are imported rogues of bad habits and dispositions, unredeemed by a single virtue or useful quality. He is inimical to man, by whom he is as cordially hated for his extensive depredations on the husbandman, not merely to satisfy the cravings of hunger, but to gratify an inordinate love and thirst of blood. He thus wantonly and cowardly sacrifices by wholesale in the midnight hour, the unwarned and defenceless, at roost. His destructive maraudings do not end here, the tender lamb often becomes his prey, and his destruction of game, rightfully the property of the sportsman, is immense. Pheasants, partridges, their eggs and their young, alike he destroys, whenever and wherever he can secure them. Even the stores of the industrious bee, and the exquisite produce of the vine, are alike sacrificed to his voracious appetite.

The smaller animals of the wood or the field, detest and avoid him, and all the wild birds of the air have the same regard for him, that they have for the hawk. They will hover over, dart at and pursue him, to his great annoyance. By this means the Hunter is often aroused to watchfulness, and advised of Reynard's presence, or his course.

In short, a universal war is waged against this pernicious creature. Prowling in darkness or warily lurking by day, he will sometimes audaciously secure his prey

and escape, in the very presence of the farmer, in the barn yard.

His fleetness renders pursuit by man or ordinary farm dogs hopeless, even though encumbered with his prey.

He is taken only, in the effectual and delightful mode, pursued by the lovers of the chase. Though he runs far and fast, and uses every possible stratagem to escape the merited fate which awaits him, the faithful hound of bottom and his aids, will sooner or later overtake and despatch him, notwithstanding they have to engage in a severe struggle, with a wicked and venemous enemy.

There are many in society, who unthinkingly and illiberally condemn hunting as a savage sport. They are either unacquainted with the extent of the evil, or not having suffered by the cruel and murderous little animal, look with a single oblique eye, to the motive or means of the sportsman, without perceiving the salutary end; and will readily sanction the destruction of poor crows by hundreds, the hawk, the squirrel, the minx and the wolf, purely on account of their predatory habits. Let them exchange places with the farmer, and be made sensibly to know and feel the effect of the fox's excursions and inroads on his premises and *living property*, and they will change their sentiments of humanity in that respect, and join in the common hue and cry against the greatest common midnight enemy of the farmer, and the whole feathered creation.

Worthless alive, he is only to be valued when dead,

for his soft and beautiful skin, in olden time so indispensable and fashionable with our mothers and grand-mothers, in the neat manufactured article of comfortable muffs and tippets, to shield their exposed and delicate forms from the rude blasts and severe frosts, of our old fashioned winters.

An old fox is as untameable as a tiger, altogether feræ naturæ. A cub taken within the year, may be domesticated, but never will be social with any one but his kind feeder, or those about the place, who familiarize with and pet him. Let him loose to range, and it will generally be found, that he soon ungratefully changes his domestic for his natural state, and is readily transformed into a real wild reynard.

The wolf entertains a great aversion to him, and eagerly hunts him, but usually fails, because of the fox's stratagems and speed. Perhaps this dislike arises from the fondness of the one, for some of the more delicate food of the other.

In the Polar regions, we are informed the fox assumes many varieties of color. In the vicinity of the rocky mountains, the size and colors of the animal are varied, but with us in the old States, the prevailing color is the *native grey*, and *the red*, his more subtle, evasive and predatory enemy the offspring of other climes. Unfortunately for us he propagates abundantly, and according to the expressed opinion of an observant and erudite naturalist, the late venerable Jefferson, annually extends his

species and his excursions in a southwardly direction, until in time his adopted home and hunting grounds, will be limited only by the vast territories of the Federal Union.

Theoretical or book naturalists, sometimes greatly err in matters of fact, especially relative to the habits and conduct of animals. It may arise however from too freely generalizing, without respect to difference of climate, which we well know, varies the manners essentially of our species.

The learned Buffon and Goldsmith, in describing the habits of the fox when pursued, do not accord with the hunter's experience in this country.

They allude we presume to the *red species* peculiar to European climates, and the latter advances the assertion, that "*He does not double, nor use the unavailing shifts of the hare.*" With us in the States, all fox hunters are convinced by the unerring proof of oft retraced steps, that when warmly chased, both kinds will frequently double, and puzzle their pursuers, and thus ingeniously gain the great desideratum of time and distance. It is true, the speed and bottom of the red, greatly outstripping the grey, this stratagem is generally unnecessary, and might afford him less chance of escape. Straight onward his hopes lay, and it not unfrequently happens, the pack are diverted to the fresh scented track of another brother reynard, in their distant stern chase of the first, suddenly roused from his snug covert by the hue and cry, and obliged to seek safety in flight. Wo betide the poor

fellow, if he should perchance wear the livery of a grey on the keen occasion. His hours, aye sometimes minutes, are numbered, and his lucky foe, of the same ill-starred genus escapes.

A sketch of old Jonas and the fox's characters and habits blended in contrast, utile cum inutile, into which we have unintentionally been led in this place, has diverted us from our intent and purpose, to pursue our description of some of the principal hunts remembered, as more interesting perhaps, to the general reader.

Therefore briefly, revenons à nos moutons. In the winter of 1816, a large company composed of members and invited friends, met by appointment, the evening previous to an intended hunt, at the Widow Heston's establishment, Glassborough, New Jersey, twenty miles below the city. It was an occasion of great merriment and social entertainment, until the hour of repose. Early next morning, calm, cold and frosty, our faithful Cupid blew,

> "His hoarse-sounding horn
> Inviting to the chase, the sport of kings;
> Image of war, without its guilt."

We rose at the summons, and loud echo of the hounds; breakfasted by candle light, and when grey dawn appeared, about twenty of us mounted for the chase, in high spirits at the prospect of a goodly day for sport, perceptively moderating as it advanced.

Soon after sun rise, a few miles beyond Heston's Glass Works, twenty-six of the best hounds, were uncoupled. In less than fifteen minutes, the deep toned voice of old Truman, told on the delighted ear, in which Boler and Bellman, Dromus and Rockwood, all good and true dogs of age and experience soon joined, with Diamond, Music, Madcap, Flora, Ringwood, Thetis, Dutchess, Dash, Danser, Daisey, Dover, Hayjake, Lucy and Trumpeter, and a few others of less note, adding their echoes to the spirit-stirring music.

Somerville, expressively pourtrays the scene,

> "Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
> The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.
> ——————Ye jovial train, your courage try,
> And each clean courser's speed. We scour along
> In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd;
> Oblivion to be wish'd."

After the usual preliminary of judicious ascertainment, to the satisfaction of Jonas and Cupid, and the pack, that it was *no back track*, away at once they led in fine stile and full cry, making the forest ring.

We followed at half speed, careful not to over-run the dogs, too common a fault with eager sportsmen, for about an hour, at a short hand-gallop, before they were *at fault.*

Old Dromus, Rockwood and Thetis were busy in cour-

sing the circle to recover, whilst we rested and refreshed man and horse. The latter dog remarkable for his nose, winded the track some twenty or thirty yards and bellowed. The knowing ones ran in, and shortly joined their notes to his, with earnest voices not to be misunderstood. Off went the whole pack again in beautiful array.

After another hour or two's ride, *again at fault*, and a glorious opportunity for respite, as the chase had been tedious and severe.

The old one's coursed again in a circle, gradually augmenting the circumference to recover the scent, whilst Jonas engaged himself as usual, diligently to recover the track by occular demonstration, at which it has been already observed, he ever was a remarkable adept.

He soon saw or fancied he saw, the track of a red fox, about fifty yards from the congregated hunting clan of men, horses and wearied or lazy hounds, reposing in the shades of the wood. The fine tan slut Music, who attended Jonas, raised the signal of alarm, and a third time the family pack led off in grandeur. It was not long however before they were once more at fault. All around, the cries were occasionally raised and quelled in a few moments, betokening scent and uncertainty of the road, the wayward fox had journied after the halt.

It was not long before Jonas was heard vociferating as lustily, as if he had had *a view*. He had found the deep imprinted retracing foot mark in the road sand, at a point about one hundred yards distant from the group.

It was conjectured and doubtless with reason, that reynard had taken to and run down a rivulet near, on the back track, thence leaped on and run a similar course, on an adjacent fence bordering the wood, whence he had sprang to the spot discovered by the vigilant eagle eyed whipper-in, and made for a tangled cedar swamp hard by. His humid foot-steps still marked the rider rails. An active scene ensued. The cry was up. Every huntsmen remounted, each ardent for a speedy and victorious termination of the arduous chase.

The swamp was accessible only to Jonas and the eager hounds; we galloped around. He knew well its recesses, and entering it, leaped as usual with a frog's agility, from tussock to tussock, after the pack. The game was driven out, and soon exhibited a fine view. Tally–ho–ho–ho, resounded, and the mettlesome impatient steeds receiving the rein, and the whip or the spur, nobly competed for the prize.

Puss evidently was making her last best effort, though jaded, as she but too plainly shewed, by her protruding tongue, and low swinging tail.

The dogs neared her as she entered a wood, and earthed her in her sinuous den on the southern aspect of a rising piece of ground, after a protracted chase of between thirty and forty miles, from the time of unkennelling, about the hour of noon. We gladly seized the acceptable moment, to dismount and rest.

The prize was not to be given up, after so great toil to obtain it.

The selected retreat was at least two miles from any human habitation.

Some of the worthy rustic's, who had increased our numbers to upwards of twenty-five horsemen, volunteered to proceed after the mining tools.

In the mean time, the pocket pistols were uncased, and the hunting cavalcade refreshed, with the contents and the more acceptable and exquisite beverage, on the fatiguing occasion, of good wholesome spring water, from a forest rivulet in the vicinity. This occasion also afforded refreshment to our wearied horses and the faithful persevering pack.

After felling a tree or two, in the way of our operations, and laboring up hill, occasionally to the right and left oblique, according to the ordinary devious subterranean passages of Reynard, we arrived at the last turn, exhibiting a comfortable leaf carpeted cavern chamber, where she appeared with gleaming eyes and threatening aspect, prepared to defend herself and tender young from any intrusion.

We all worked alternately for nearly two hours and consequently were pretty tired; after effecting an excavating traverse of about twenty yards obliged to overcome the stubborn obstacles of trees, roots and stones.

No dog was small enough to enter. Our whipper-in fertile in expedients on every emergency, cut a slender

sapling and splitting the smallest end, inserted a piece of wood therein to form a prong, which was introduced to the loose skin of mother Fox and gently twisted, by which she was brought to light and bagged. We secured also four fine cubs of good size, which were likewise bagged and taken to the city, where they were nurtured until Spring, and then restored to freedom, in their native woods for future sport. We must admit, this was not quite *comme il faut*, certainly at least, according to the Jersey farmer's just notion of matters and things.

Sometime in the spring of 1812 or '13, a grey puss was roused from cover in Colonel Howell's woods, and led off the pack merrily, passing by Woodbury and thence towards Mullico hill, near which she doubled and returned to Howell's. The dogs were grouped around the trunk of a tree, on which it was rightly conjectured she had sought protection. Mr. R. M. L———, an excellent horseman and adventurous hunter, pushed hard for the brush, and threw himself off his steed in a full gallop, at great hazard for the prize, which he succeeded in securing, as she soon fell prostrate to the ground. It was mortifying to discover, that some person unknown had been guilty of the outrage of shooting the animal before the hounds had come up. Poor Jonas was suspected, perhaps not unjustly, as he that day carried his gun, and had met with no rabbits.

In the winter of 1815, President Wharton had the supreme honor of eclipsing a large party of sportsmen, by

securing the brush of a large old grey, after a circuitous and uncommonly hard run for one of his affinity, in the neighbourhood of Blackwood town, about twelve miles south east of Philadelphia. He ran for three good hours, before he struck his brush. On the same day, Mr. J. S. L——s was luckily first in at the death of a fine red, with the same pack, and bore aloft his bushy honor, much more to his gratification, than to many of his rival comrades. He was caught in less time than the grey, attributed to the dogs being in better condition for running with empty stomachs, than when first uncoupled, having been freely fed, the evening before the hunt.

Foreign gentlemen, accustomed to European fox and hare hunting, were occasionally guests at Gloucester. They became early apprised of the difference between a dense American wood or thicket, and the ancient forests at home, destitute of underwood and brambles, into which the eye may deeply penetrate, and the hunter ride in safety and with speed.

We well remember an Englishman who attended one of our hunts. He was elegantly equipped for a home chase, with the exception of a new blue coat and beaver, instead of a roundabout and cap. He wore white topped boots and spurs, buckskin breeches, and the above described unsuitable hunting habiliments.

A red fox was unkennelled at a place called the horse heads, four miles from Gloucester; in less than half an hour after uncoupling the dogs. It was remarked he was

a good horseman and rode fearlessly. In the course of the chase, we had to leap a five barred gate, at the termination of a private road, leading towards a farm house.

Being a stranger we kept him company, the rest having galloped in advance. His horse was in the act of taking the leap, when he imprudently checked him, and though it *was taken*, the rider *was unhorsed* in a side ditch. He was in an instant ludicrously metamorphosed, to the semblance of a gentleman ditcher. As soon as his runaway charger was retaken, the stranger nothing daunted, remounted, after shaking and ridding himself of a quantum of dirt, sand and water, which enveloped his person.

Other mishaps however were in reserve, before *the death*, for this luckless, but courageous gentleman. In passing rapidly through the wood, the protruding limb of a tree unceremoniously severed one half of the skirts of his blue from the body, and shortly after by another accident, off went his indented mud covered chapeau, and before the pine thicket was cleared, his coat was transformed into a tolerable spencer. So began and so ended his American fox hunting expedition.

It afforded much mirth at the banquet; the toilet was unable to disguise the grotesque.

Candour induced him to admit the accident which first befel him, was imputable to his own indiscretion.

In another subsequent event, a member confessed the fault to be his, when the consequence of holding on to the curb of the horse, in the act of raising to take the

leap over a rail fence, was the fracture of the collar bone and disjointing of the shoulder.

Another, rather of a serious character, which was followed by a protracted confinement under medical skill, was produced from an unfortunate contention between rider and horse, in full gallop, which side of a large oak should be taken in the chase.

The consequence was his being unhorsed against the side of a tree, to the frightful scarification of his right cheek, and great injury of his cranium.

All the accidents we ever heard of in the Club, and those related comprised a period of eight years, happened on account of the riders inexperience or perverseness, in substituting his own misguided will, for that of his faithful and trusty steed's.

It is well known to horsemen, that the noble animal, rarely will attempt the execution of any feat he is unequal to accomplish.

Generally he may be trusted with the confidence of perfect safety. The rider has only to maintain a good horseman's seat in the saddle, and all will be well.

We have briefly recurred to the origin, progress and alas! untimely exit from existence of one of the most ancient, agreeable and respectable Clubs of our Country. It had numbered upwards of *fifty-two years* at its dissolution in the year 1818, and for almost half a century of that memorable and eventful epoch in the world, its manly cheerful and health imparting exercises and

destinies were controlled and regulated, by the management or under the Presidency of Samuel Morris, Esq. an original member and a genuine gentleman of the old school, as exemplary and unblemished in morals, as he was zealous but temperate, in his participation in, and discharge of the generous social duties of his happy and protracted life.

The institution survived the storms of the revolution. Though the enemy invaded and long possessed its hunting grounds, it was renovated by Mr. Morris and a few meritorious associates, who restored it to its pristine vigor ante bellum, when the clouds had been dissipated by the sunshine of peace.

It is now no more; even the ruins of the extensive kennel and the cabin of the hunter, have altogether disappeared. Its last tenant we believe, has gone to his last tenement. Jonas, good old man we repeat it, yet lives in his old native town, a striking monument of vigorous, healthful venerable age, after an unprecedented life of continued active laborious exertion, strongly exemplifying (more impressively than speeches or books can teach,) the incalculable value of *temperance*, and *wholesome exercise* blended, in preserving the human frame from a variety of dire diseases of a pulmonary or dyspeptic character, and a train of ills, consequent on a life of luxury and comparative indolence.

The writer visited him in December last a few miles from Woodbury. The last eleven years have produced

no visible alteration in his appearance, that period having elapsed since seeing him before. He was in the woods with his hounds and gun, rabbit hunting. His common drink is water, milk, cider or beer. He used to assert he was never intoxicated but once in his life, and then a trick was played on him. When laboring under the novel effect of the potation, he exclaimed, Oh dear, Charley *has murdered me.*

The history of this industrious, humble and retired individual, and the happy sequel in these his ripened years, forms an instructive lesson and rich example in many respects, to the young and active of the rising generation.

RULES

OF THE

GLOUCESTER HUNTING CLUB.

TALLY HO!

ARTICLE I.

The association shall be called, THE GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB.

ARTICLE II.

There shall be annually chosen by ballot, on the first Thursday of January by a majority of the members present, due notice having been given to each member by the Secretary, at least three days before said election, a President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, and four

Managers, who shall continue in office for one year, and until others shall be elected in their stead.

ARTICLE III.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club, to see that order and regularity are observed, and to have a general superintending care of the concerns of the association.

ARTICLE IV.

The duty of the Vice President shall be to aid and assist the President, and to preside at all meetings in his absence. The office of President and Treasurer, or Vice President, Treasurer, and Secretary, may be vested in the same person.

ARTICLE V.

The duty of the Treasurer shall be to receive and distribute the funds, for the benefit of the Club, and to render to the annual meeting, a correct statement of his proceedings, and to pay over the balance, if any in his hands, to his successor in office, with all the books, papers, &c.

ARTICLE VI.

The duty of the Secretary shall be to keep, in a book to be provided for that purpose, correct minutes of the proceedings of the Club, in which book shall be trans-

cribed in alphabetical order, the names of all the dogs, with their ages, pedigrees, &c. as nearly as can be ascertained, belonging to the association.

ARTICLE VII.

The duty of the Managers in conjunction with the Treasurer and Secretary, and under the direction of the *President* and *Vice President*, shall be to see that the dogs and huntsman's horse are well taken care of, and that the huntsman is attentive in keeping the kennel sweet and clean, and otherwise attending to his duty.

ARTICLE VIII.

In case the *President* and *Vice President* shall be absent at any stated or special meeting, the members present shall elect a President pro tem. Special meetings may be called by the President, or in his absence the Vice President, whenever they think proper, and at all times at the instance of five members, on two days notice.

ARTICLE IX.

At the annual meeting in the month of January, a tax shall be assessed on each member, to defray the expenses of the ensuing year, at the discretion of a majority of the members present.

ARTICLE X.

Any person wishing to become a member, must be proposed at one meeting and ballotted for at the next, two thirds of the members present agreeing to his admission, and one third of the Club being present at the time.

ARTICLE XI.

Any member misbehaving himself may be expelled with the consent of two thirds of the members, the association may consist of at the time. At least one week's previous notice shall be given, to the misbehaving member, and his defence, if he has any, shall be heard.

ARTICLE XII.

The President, or in his absence the Vice President, or in the absence of both, the President pro tem. shall ride in front of the sportsmen, giving the necessary directions until the fox is on foot, when each gentleman may ride as he pleases, taking care not to over ride the dogs, or to hurt them; but whenever the dogs are *at fault*, the Company are to be immediately under the direction and orders of the acting President of the day, until the dogs carry the fox off again. Should any gentleman disobey the President's directions as stated in this article, he shall have the power to fine him in any sum not exceeding one dollar, to be paid to the Treasurer for the use of the Club. Should the President, (or in his absence the Vice President,) decline taking the directing of the Company on

hunting days, he shall nominate some other person in his place, who shall be as implicitly obeyed, and have the same authority as he would have.

ARTICLE XIII.

The sportsman who first touches the fox after the dogs have caught him, or who first touches the tree on which the fox may have taken shelter, if he does not make his escape therefrom, shall be entitled to the *brush*, for which distinguished honor he shall present *one dollar* to the huntsman. The person taking the brush shall take his seat at dinner on the right hand of the presiding officer of the day. All visitors or strangers hunting with the Club, shall be informed by the President of the day of the two preceding articles, previous to uncoupling the dogs, and shall be subject to them in the same manner as the members.

ARTICLE XIV.

After due notice of any meeting being given by the Secretary, any number of the members met, a half an hour after the time appointed, shall be sufficient to transact the ordinary business.

ARTICLE XV.

No alteration or addition can be made to these rules, until the whole Company are informed thereof by the Secretary, nor until a second meeting after such alterations

or additions shall have been proposed; when it shall require a majority of the Club to make such change.

ARTICLE XVI.

The foregoing Rules and Regulations, shall be transcribed by the Secretary in the book of minutes, and each member shall subscribe the same.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

"*Memoirs of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club.*"

Page 14. Line 4th from bottom page for *renowned* read *renewed.*
„ 18. „ 24th the first word *the* erase.
„ 28. „ 16th also the first word *the* erase.